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CONTENTS

ESSAYS

The Poet of Nature's Charms.....Herbert Kenney--- 197

The Flight of a President ----- William Voors---- 211

STORIES

Jim, How Could You! ----- Joseph Lenk----- 205

The Hick-Town Cop ----- Edward Fischer--- 219

Queer Guns ----- Carl Vandagriff--- 229

POEMS

Yearning ----- U. A. Reichlin (frontpiece)

The Storm ----- W. Voors----- 203

Memory ----- N. White----- 203

A Friend ----- J. Pike----- 204

The Old and New ----- B. Glick----- 217

Sunbeams ----- L. Sudhoff----- 218

The Martyr ----- U. Wurm----- 228

Why This Wailing? ----- A. Selhorst ----- 227

COLUMNS

Editorials ----- 237

Exchanges ----- 240

Books ----- 242

Alumni ----- 245

Locals ----- 247

Clubs ----- 250

Sports ----- 255

Humor ----- 260

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Hearning

U. A. Reichlin '33

Take me from that land
Where Winter holds his reign
In his palace white of pain;
Where leaves grow not on trees;
Where sturdy men must freeze.

Take me through that land
Where cold winds never blow;
Where clouds with sunlight glow;
Where song birds ever sing;
Where it is always spring.

Take me to that land
Where sunshine reigns supreme;
Where life's a pleasant dream;
Where God's the only theme;
Where virtue finds esteem.



The Poet of Nature's Charms

Herbert Kenney '33

LIFE has often been defined as a continuous struggle with the forces of nature. In his tireless efforts at making a living, man seems to justify this definition. From the bowels of the earth to the peak of Mount Everest, he is busily exercising his ingenuity in untiring endeavor to master all the wealth that this planet can offer. Even the secrets of nature entice him so lustily that he never ceases probing into the intricate mechanism of molecules and atoms to discover what useful knowledge may there lie hidden. This is the attitude of the man towards nature who uses scoop and drill, and of the scientist who divides and analyzes. It is the disposition to calculate and use, but not to love and admire.

Totally different are the principles of the romanticist. For nature and its wonders he has a kindly eye. To love nature, to look upon it with an elevated feeling of pleasure, to regard its marvels with delight is his sole purpose. This, in short, was

the position taken by William Wordsworth, the Father of Romanticism, the poet in whom this literary movement culminated and who came to be for the mute things of nature a living voice according to the lines of Sidney Lanier:

“I speak for each no-tongued tree
That, spring by spring, doth nobler be,—
I speak for all-shaped blooms and leaves,
Lichens on stones and moss on eves,
Grasses and grains in ranks and sheaves;—”

In his mind nature did not inspire awe and terror, neither was it beset with difficulties. It was rather a thing of sheer beauty. His passions responded to its every influence, and urged him to communicate its message to others if only they could be made to see and read. That nature is man's best teacher is clearly evident in the life of this great poet.

That Wordsworth was a romantic poet does not endow him with a unique character. Poets preceded and followed him whose names are outstanding as ardent lovers of nature. Even his position as the great forerunner in this the most tender variety of poetry is seriously questioned. In this regard America claims priority over any British poet, and to make good her claim advances the name of Philip Freneau, who, in 1786 published his “Poems”, a collection of nature lyrics, of which it is maintained that they are fully as romantic in sentiment as are any poems in the “Lyrical Ballads” published unitedly by Wordsworth and Coleridge in 1798, the year that definitely marks the beginning of romanticism in England. But what Philip Freneau did not do, and what no other nature poet has done so well, was

THE POET OF NATURE'S CHARMS

achieved by Wordsworth in that he gave utterance to many of the most elementary and obscure sensations that well up in the heart of man when he is confronted by natural phenomena. These expressions are beautiful and new, and it required the sensitive mind of a Wordsworth to originate them. By his words he has added a charm and freshness to them such as no other romantic poet found it possible to reach. In his sensitive heart and mind, he was continually discovering not new worlds, but the unnoticed, yet ever-present treasures of the old.

That the era of romanticism happened to run parallel to the era of political revolution inclined Wordsworth to the belief that both these eras were inseparable. With a delight that was astonishing in a man, otherwise of mild and humane disposition, did he hail the advent of the French Revolution. He did not stop to contemplate its horrors, but proceeded to regard the liberation of man from political despotism with the same zest with which he regarded the liberation of poetry from the tyranny of classicism. To his mind it was a joy to be alive at that time, but to be young was very heaven. It is not surprising, therefore, to find him mingling nature in all her moods with the passions of man in all their varieties in his writings. But nature always did hold first place in his love. That he could limn a beautiful picture of human life is plain from the episode of Margaret in "The Excursion" as well as from the lines in which he describes the true Priest in the same work, in general, however, he does not employ nature as a frame for a picture of human life, but rather draws a picture of nature and leaves man to gaze

at the scene while enjoying the mood that it excites in him. He gives expression of this attitude on his part very exactly in the following lines:

“Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that often lie too deep for tears.”

For the past, Wordsworth had no especial use. There seemingly was nothing of the Greek, or of the Roman, or of the Italian in his mind. Neither was there any thing present of the roaring lines of Milton which show that he rummaged through the lives of every nation known to him in order to discover the wicked things that had to go into the make-up of his heroic Devil. With Wordsworth it was the present or nothing. His eye was single to the gleam that arose from nature around him. The dignity of man, sheer homeliness, stark poverty, quiet, storm, clouds, rocks, winds, pastoral scenes engrossed his entire attention. Because of this enslavement to nature he was accused of pantheism, but such an accusation is too absurd to deserve comment. If there is any poet who rises right through nature to a knowledge of God it is Wordsworth. He need not say this more plainly than:

“He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth:—”

Of the sages of the past, he gives his opinion when he says:

“One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can:”

Why does the reading of Wordsworth's poems fill the heart of man with peace, noble thoughts, and rest in much the same manner as does the rippling of the fresh waters of a mountain stream in the heat of summer? For no other reason than the fact that there is a calm joy in his emotions that is readily communicated to his readers. Since all things in nature speak to him in a quiet, friendly manner of themselves, of God, and of their own gladness, his own words that are nothing else than a communing with nature, will re-echo the same ideas—ideas that go straight to the heart of him whose eyes have been opened sufficiently to permit him to see beyond the grime, sweat, and toil of human existence. Why do not other romanticists achieve the same purpose? Plainly, there is too much of the turmoil of human life mingled with their friendship of nature. Burns, indeed, sings of banks, braes, streams, and flowers, but on top of them all dances "Highland Mary"; Byron loves nature but mingles in with it too much of the mischief of "Don Juan"; Shelley views nature with delight, but he considers it a greater delight to reform the world. None of these saw in nature their supremely fascinating Muse. In the mind of Wordsworth, however, there was no second choice. Nature alone and above all was the most glorious, joyous, and cheerful thing imaginable to him, and it is what he experienced that he gives to his readers in fullest measure. It is "the depth and not the tumult of the soul" that he offers to his readers for enjoyment.

It is with a feeling that something really beautiful has passed away that one lays down a volume of Wordsworth's poems. There is a sense of loss, as

it might be called, which the reader experiences similar to that felt by Alice in the Wonderland fable when she returned to the world of reality after having seen the glories of nature in a magnificent mirror. Rest, peace, happiness, and good will continue to linger in the mind of him who "has taken up and read" very much like an echo of the musical waters of the river Derwent that winds its course among the beautiful hills of Cumberland near to the poet's early home. Seemingly the murmur of the Derwent, its tinkling cataracts, its forest shadows at noonday, the neighboring mountain peak, the starlit waters at night combined to form in the mind of Wordsworth a wonderland that he gladly displays before the eyes of those who look and seek to understand. It is to these that he gives relief for tiredness of heart and provides expression for restless fullness of soul.

Question

U. A. Reichlin '33

If your hand you'll try at verse or rhyme,
Who dare will say 'tis waste of time?
For every bold experiment
Is its successor's complement.

The Storm

W. Voors '33

The sun rides over nimbus clouds;
The sky displays a sullen mood,
Winds howl, bend trees, roll ocean's waves.
A lace-like spray of mist now blows
A veil before my face. A sheet
Of leaden hue envelops all.
The lightning strikes with blazing heat
That melts both iron and stone and sears
All living flesh. In answer loud
The thunder rolls. But yonder rift,
Caused by the flash of heat, unfolds
The blue of heaven and turns back
To earth the rays that bring the tints
To paint the rainbow's mighty curve.

Memory

N. White '36

Ah, once I twined about your hair
A rose of lovely hue,
And plucked another growing fair
And gave it fresh to you.

But oh, the rose you picked for me
I cherish even still,
Though bitter thorns of memory
With pains my heart must fill.

A Friend

J. Pike '33

While life has sped along for me
Through many rapid years,
I've found men cross my every path
Who measured self by rule and lath;
Yet none on me has made
A lasting mark,
But you, my friend. Of you I sing
In words that joyous memories bring.

Though years on life's great highway ran,
To no one could I say:
"Today our friendship firm we seal
In earnest love and mutual zeal,"
Except, my friend, to you.
That burning word
With you alone must always stand
Whose sacred truth you understand.

While sailing on life's stormy sea,
My friend, I want you near
To sail the ship and pilot me
Through raging waves across that sea
Unto far heaven's shore.
Forsake me not,
Though I should travel far away,
Be at my side, dear friend, and stay.



Jim, How Could You!

Joseph A. Lenk '33

BELLS rang, whistles blew, horns of automobiles blared, while people rejoiced in the thought that the Old Year had stepped out of the way to make room for the New Year with its promise for greater and better things. But Mr. James Wood and his wife were excluded from this gala atmosphere. Quietly they sat before the fireplace in their home. Mr. Wood, a middle-aged man, was smoking his pipe and with a pencil was figuring at random his returns from the stock market on the back of a magazine.

"You know Mary," he remarked, "I had some bad luck this year in the stock market."

"Yes, Jim," his wife, a beautiful lady of forty, replied, laying aside her magazine and coming to him, seated herself on the armrest of his chair.

"If only I had not bought that radio stock I—"

"Jim," interrupted his wife, "today begins a new year and, customarily, everybody makes New-Year resolutions. You and I should do the same."

"Please Mary," said Mr. Wood slightly irritated,

"I've had tough luck during the past year on the stock market. Should I risk further losses?"

"I wonder," asked Mrs. Wood with a little twinkle of humor in her eyes, "if you know that old adage—'Never send good money after bad'."

"No," confessed Mr. Wood, "I never heard of it and in fact I don't believe I ever violated the adage even if I didn't know of it."

"No?" wistfully inquired his wife, "how about the new car you bought and could not pay for because you grabbed more and more radio stock even when that stock was slipping to the bottom?"

"You win, Mary," Mr. Wood replied helplessly. "Now, should my New Year's resolution be not to play the stock market?"

"Just that," his wife answered hopefully. "With Junior going to college next fall and Alice going to the academy, you cannot run the risk of playing the market, for it is plain that under circumstances we shall need all the money we have."

"Oh, I don't know," thoughtfully Mr. Wood replied, "one good buy of stock and we will never have to worry about the tuition for the children."

"Now listen, Jim," continued his wife more convincingly, "you admitted yourself that playing the market is a luxury, and that only those people should play it who can afford luxuries. With conditions as they are at present, you cannot afford to play the market. You owe it to me and also to the children not to do it. You are jeopardizing our future by doing so."

These were well chosen and well spoken words,

and Mr. Wood could not contradict them. He felt that his wife must have been thinking about his playing the market, for her words sounded like a prepared speech to him.

"All right, Mary," he said rising from his chair, "I promise and give my word of honor that I will not play the stock market during this year. But let's be off to bed. It is one o'clock now, and you know that tomorrow night we must visit the Country Club."

Well satisfied with her efforts, Mrs. Wood bade her husband good night and left the room.

Weeks passed. It was now March 10, and Mr. Wood had still kept his promise not to play the stock market. He admitted that it had taken a great deal of will power to resist the temptation, but the lack of extra money really had compelled him to hold to his New Year's resolution.

"Good morning, Mr. Wood," smilingly greeted his secretary as she laid the morning mail upon his desk.

"Good morning, Miss Howe. Quite a bit of mail this morning, don't you think?"

"Yes, sir. Will there be any dictation before lunch?"

"Yes, for an hour; I shall buzz for you shortly."

After Miss Howe had left the office, Mr. Wood sorted the mail. The style of handwriting on one letter looked particularly familiar to him. The letter was postmarked Texas. Could the letter come from his brother who had a ranch in that state? Did he want more money?

Yes, the letter was written by his brother, but

it contained a real surprise. Enclosed was a check for \$1,000. "A payment on the loan you gave me," his brother wrote.

"Well that's fine," exclaimed Mr. Wood, "that will help pay Junior's tuition for the first semester; but I wonder what kind of stock investment I could make. No, better not," he thought, "I will keep my promise to my wife and also my New Year's resolution."

That night after dinner in the library, Mrs. Wood noticed that her husband was studying the stock market page.

"Why, Jim," she asked with a startled tone of voice, "you have not bought any stock. Have you?"

"No, no, Mary, I was merely glancing over the page. I am sure you have no objection to that," returned her husband.

"No, Jim, but you startled me so. I feared that you had bought stock, and that you had broken your New Year's resolution."

"I was wondering at the office today, Mary, how we could get the sum required for Junior's tuition, but in the morning mail I received a check from my brother from Texas. You may examine the check book. Note the balance is close to \$5,000 now."

"Jim, that's fine! I was beginning to worry about Junior. I was afraid we could not send him to college this fall."

"Don't worry, Mary. Junior will go to college this fall, and I shall not play the stock market," replied Mr. Wood. "Allow me to wrestle with the vicissitudes of fortune; rest assured that I shall win."

"Jim, I have more faith in you now than I ever had. Yes, even more than I had when at the altar I vowed to become your wife," answered Mrs. Wood.

The month of August was now at hand. In a few weeks Junior would leave home to study at Harvard, his father's Alma Mater. He appreciated the education his father was giving him and spoke gleefully to his father about his future prospects and emphasized with much pride: "I received definite notice today, dad, as to the acceptance of my application at college. But I was wondering if my tuition were pinching you and mother?"

"Listen, son," replied Mr. Wood, "forget about the expenses connected with your education. If you will be graduated with honors, I shall consider that a fine appreciation on your part. Now don't bother me any further; I want to study the market report."

"Thanks, dad," answered Junior as he left the room.

The Wood residence was well lit up on that warm September evening. Soft music and gay laughter drifted through the air. A party was in progress—a farewell party on the eve of Junior's departure for Harvard. Everybody was enjoying himself. Mrs. Wood proved to be a genial hostess as she gracefully walked through the crowd saying a word here and there and adding to the enjoyment of the occasion.

"Extra! Extra! Read about the big bank failure," cried a little man of ten years with a big voice as he ran down the street.

In a short time numerous copies had circulated among the members of the party. Pleasure and gay

laughter were now changed to hushed voices. A serious atmosphere had enveloped the crowd.

In the library, Mrs. Wood was at the point of hysterics. She summoned Mr. Wood that she might speak to him in private.

"Look, Jim," she cried through tears as Mr. Wood entered the room, "the bank, the bank has failed, and Junior cannot go to college now. The money, the five thousand you saved for his tuition, is lost."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mr. Wood as he glanced at the details telling about the close of the bank.

"Jim, what's wrong with you?" asked his wife.

"I mean, Mary, that on the other day I had lunch with Mr. Wolf at the Anthony, and he said in the course of our conversation that it seemed that something was wrong with this bank. Taking the tip from him, I withdrew the money from the bank a week before the inspectors came."

"Yes, Jim, but the money. What did you do with it? Did you leave it in the safe at the office?"

"No, Mary," hesitated Mr. Wood, "I invested it—in some stock."

"Oh, Jim, how could you!"

"But Mary I doubled the money, my stock went up; I bought on a safe margin."

Mrs. Wood sat speechless. Chagrin, joy, misgiving, resignation strove for mastery in her mind.

Quietly she sighed in broken words, "Jim, how could you be so wisely foolish in breaking your New Year's resolution?"



The Flight of a President

William Voors '33

AT dawn, on April the first, 1865, General Grant made a furious attack upon the Southern forces. That the task now before them would be an easy one was the common belief of the Northern army, but they were doomed to the severest disappointment. The army of the South under General Lee, though terribly weakened physically and in spirit, stood like a wall of stone, and the men in that army proved to be dangerous as crippled wolves. The sacrifice of lives under the Confederate Banner was not stinted, only the number of those willing to keep up the sacrifice was swiftly diminishing before an overpowering rattle of musket balls. For the last time the "Conquered Banner" fluttered over the din of battle, and in its drooping folds it enfurled the hopes of Richmond. General Lee saw that all was lost; nothing else was to be done but to evacuate Richmond immediately. Accordingly a telegram

reached the Southern Capitol importing bad news. It was this fateful telegram which sent a President and his family in flight for their lives.

To many people it may seem surprising that at one time a President of this country had to flee for protection, albeit he was not a genuine White House President. Besides he came very nearly being shot, and would have been shot if at the moment, so perilous to him, he had not been clothed in the garb of a woman. When the telegram which General Lee sent to the Southern Capitol reached the man for whom it was directly intended, and whose flight it urged, time had slipped well onward towards Sunday noon, April the second. Richmond lay there quietly bathed in the pleasant sunlight of a Virginian spring day. Most of the people were attending services in churches, and it was while in church that the President, Jefferson Davis, was apprised of the danger that lay immediately before him. He and his family were occupying their usual seats in St. Paul's Episcopal church and were listening to the sermon, totally unaware of any serious impending trouble. How startled he must have been when a messenger intruded and thrust the telegram from General Lee into his hand.

Of course it must have caused some little surprise to see the President rise from his pew and leave church while the sermon was in progress, but the aristocratic feeling, so common in Southerners, showed itself even in Sunday congregations. With becoming dignity, everybody remained intent on the sermon, and it is said with much emphasis by historians, though it may well be supposed that these

THE FLIGHT OF A PRESIDENT

had Livyian imaginations, that not a head was turned to see what the President and his entourage were doing. The fact is, however, that whatever excitement prevailed in the minds of those present, nobody left the church who was not required to leave.

On arriving at the executive mansion after leaving church on that memorable Sunday morning, the President at once called together the several heads of the various bureaus and gave instructions regarding his departure and that of his family. Personally, he went by train, if train it could be called what to us at present would look little better than riding on a wheelbarrow, to Danville where he expected to meet General Lee. His stay at Danville was quickly interrupted by news that deserters from the South, together with soldiers from the North, were in hot pursuit of his family which was on its way to a station from which a train might be had for a place of safety in Florida. The sorest trials incident to flight now began for President Jefferson Davis. What mortifications beset him and his excellent wife, well-bred and cultured as she was, beggar the wildest scenes of fiction.

Knowing the route that his family was taking in company with his private secretary, the President hurried to overtake them by horse. He was overjoyed, when encountering the small cavalcade that was convoying his family, to find everything going well and punctually according to the orders given. For three days he remained with his family; then listening to the persistent importunities of his wife to save himself by hurrying beyond the bounds of danger, and thinking that all would be well with his wife and family, he determined to leave his wife's

camp on horseback at dusk. But to his great astonishment, he found that he had overstayed his time. As he was preparing to leave, several of his wife's servants, who returned from a neighboring town, informed him that a marauding party had been seen in the vicinity, and that beyond any doubt the camp would be attacked that very night. This report induced the President to tarry for several hours longer to discover if there were any truth in the statement made to him.

The truth of it all flashed upon him only too quickly. Upon the earnest pleading of his wife, he had betaken himself to bed for a little rest. After what seemed to him the shortest hours through which he ever lived, he was stirred out of his bed by one of the guards, who excitedly informed him that shooting was going on just beyond the hill directly behind the camp. As the President hurried out of doors, he heard the hoof-beats of horses on the road nearby. Very soon the troopers were in sight. Momentarily he was in doubt as to what course he should take; should he flee, or should he remain? Thus he lost several precious minutes. Suddenly he resolved to escape; grabbing what he believed to be his coat, but in fact was his wife's raglan, he was about to leave the tent, when his wife threw over his shoulders a brightly colored shawl, and it was in this guise that he hurried off for his horse that stood ready saddled some few yards away. He had not covered more than half the distance to his horse, when a trooper intercepted him and with raised gun sternly shouted a halt. It was plain to Mr. Davis that any attempt to escape would end in failure.

THE FLIGHT OF A PRESIDENT

Throwing the raglan and shawl from his shoulders, he slowly walked to the side of the trooper. Even then he might have eluded capture, for as he said, "I could have twirled that lout from his horse and mounting in his stead, I might well have hurried off beyond the reach of gunshot." The sight of other troopers coming up, however, caused him to change his mind, and the one-time President of the Confederate States admitted capture. Together with his family, he was taken as prisoner to Fortress Monroe.

Two years of imprisonment awaited him. In bitter words he describes the treatment meted out to him and to his wife. For the major part of this time they were separated, were treated as rebels, and encountered indignities of which the government of the United States at that time should have been ashamed.

Being released from prison on May 15, 1867, the former President, now plain Jefferson Davis, broken in body and spirit because of his experiences at Fortress Monroe, journeyed abroad for a short space of time. He might have gone to live in England, for it was customary during the nineteenth century that men, who by some ill-stroke of fortune had slipped from political power, should seek out that country as a haven of refuge. Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Metternich did so; why should not Jefferson Davis follow their example? But England welcomes only those whose fortunes may be retrieved, and the ex-President of the South, after his fall from power, had not even the faintest glimmer of fortune in prospect. There was nothing else left for him to

do, but to seek a home in the country which had seen his downfall.

Accordingly, Jefferson Davis, now as a plain citizen, returned to his native country and entered upon business in Memphis, Tennessee. His enterprise was short-lived. Disappointed, disheartened, poverty-stricken he retired to Beauvoir where he devoted most of his time to writing and study. Very soon he came to be the respected citizen, the esteemed gentleman about town. He was regarded as a hero who had fought for a cause that he considered right; he had been the loser in the fight, but had proved himself to be a good loser. On December 6th, 1889, he died peacefully amid the loud lamenting of his countrymen.

Thus closed the days of an American whose life as such was noble, whose one fault was a misplaced ambition, and whose ill-conceived ideas prevented him from using his great talents—talents belonging to the best that are shared by men of public affairs—for the highest and most worthy aims of his country.





The Old and New

B. Glick '33

Both earth and sky a maddened contest stage:
In fury earth presents its ice-bound peaks
To meet the sky and mock its stormy rage
As each o'er other proudly victory seeks.
But high in heaven, Libra's balanced scale,
As arbiter of nature's every strife,
Gives signs of judgment such as never fail
To show how futile 'tis to swing the knife.

Thus storm and peace at every ending year,
When summing up their troubles now long past,
May well accord in act to banish fear
That rankling enmity and hate forecast.
And man, too, should forget in flight of years
The deeds and words that ended oft in tears.

Sunbeams

L. J. Sudhoff '33

Radiant sunbeams:

A garden fair with flowers
Where a little girl had made her bonny home.
She filled her baby hands with flowers;
Flowers bright with sunshine
For which her hands served as a vase.

Whitest lily vase:

A maiden growing comely
Mid wild roses blown into a tangled brake.
There was o'er all the same bright sunshine
Falling from the heavens;
But toil now filled her hands with care.

Wrinkled hands of care:

A woman quickly aging;
Deep lines knit on her brow by grinding worry.
Yet still the sunbeams kept on dancing,
Reckoning naught of years
That cast o'er eyes the veil of age.

Imperious age;

That will devour
Youth, maidenhood, and sunbeams;
What heavy fetters you must bear
Toil, years, and care:
Ah, life's despair!



The Hick-Town Cop

Edward Fischer '34

CONSTABLE Samuel Peterson sat upon the bread box in front of the general store. Every day for the last fifteen years he had seated himself upon this box and polished the little tin star which clung to the front of his vest. For the last fifteen years that little tin star had meant law and order at Cross Roads.

On this particularly sultry day, the Cross Roads minion of the law, as usual, sat upon his bread-box throne. He spat tobacco juice on the star, then rubbed it off with his sleeve just to give it that little extra polish. He had a feeling as though something out of the ordinary was about to happen. He afterwards said that he didn't know exactly how to explain it, but it was something like the feeling he had the day before Lem Parker's big red barn burned down. He said, "I reckon thet's jest how I'll feel on jedgment day."

As he sat there, he heard a far-off train whistle, and a few minutes later the ten-o'clock passenger

came steaming along from the city. The ten-o'clock passenger did not generally stop at Cross Roads, but today it made a momentary pause just long enough to deposit one man and a suit case.

Constable Peterson looked at the stranger, a glint of curiosity shooting from his faded watery eyes. This was no ordinary stranger; he was too well dressed to be ordinary. There was a slick look about him which the constable did not fail to notice, although he was seated at least seventy-five yards from the station platform. Hardly had the well dressed man stepped upon the platform, when Sid Judkins began edging toward him.

Sid was the village "cut up", who made it his business to find out everything about everybody in town. Every time Sid opened his mouth, the citizens would slap themselves on their thighs and roar with glee. Sid never did a day's work in his life, but he was always a great favorite down at the barber shop. His wife, Lizzie Judkins, said that Sid wasn't exactly lazy "but jest a mite 'skered thet he might strain hisself."

With mild curiosity Constable Peterson watched Sid and the stranger standing on the station platform conversing. The stranger turned and started for the rooming house. Sid came toward the general store on a run. He had so much news and was so anxious to tell it that he had to run; his feet just wouldn't walk.

When still twenty-five yards from the bread box he began to shout, "Well, Sam, hit looks like we got sumebody in this town now, jest a mite smarter'n you." Sam was gazing down the road as though he

had not even heard Sid. But Sid raved on. "Thet feller goin' there is a big city detective. A detective frum th' big city. Yes, siree. He sed ya don't know nuthin erbout yer business. Whaddya think of thet, Sam? Huh?"

"Well, mebbly I dunt." Constable Peterson was seemingly more interested in the fly that was migrating across the toe of his boot. He took good aim at the fly, spit; hit him. Still this did not discourage Sid. He kept at it.

"Yes, siree, thet feller sed thet up in th' big city there's been a lot of counterfeit money gettin' 'round and he sed thet th' big city detectives done traced it down and sed hit's comin' from somewheres down in this part of th' country, an' the feller is down here to find out jest exactly where thet money is comin' frum. Whaddya think of thet? Huh?"

"I reckons I don't know whut ter think of hit." Constable Peterson again rubbed his shirt sleeve across the star. Sid took a deep breath and started again.

"He sed he would like ter see ya some time after meal time, an' he wanted ter know jest where he could find ya, an' I sed to him, I sez, 'he ain't been five feet frum thet bred box in the last fifteen year.' I sez, 'he jest sets up there an' polishes thet star and reads them dime detective magazines.' I reckons, I kinda got ya sized up, eh, Sam?"

"I reckons ya have." Sam reached into his pocket and pulled out a detective thriller. As Sid saw it was no use talking to Sam any longer, he started out for the barber shop where he knew he would have an attentive audience.

At one o'clock, Constable Peterson was again seated on the bread box reading when the well dressed stranger approached.

"Good day, sir. Constable Peterson I believe?"

"Yep, I reckons I am."

"Mr. Peterson, I am very glad to know you. Inspector Babitt is my name."

"I know all about ya Inspector. I been a talkin' ter Sid Judkins, an' he tells everybody else everything. So there ain't much you kin say thet I don't know."

"I am very glad that you have been informed as to my mission. Could you inform me where an automobile is to be had? My errand may require a bit of traveling through the neighboring country."

"Wull, now; lemme see. You might be able ter get some kind of a second-handed autermobile down at Henderson's garage. Suppose we walk over ther an' take a look. The garage is jest right over ter other side of town."

"Well, suppose we do. I should certainly like to get the car as soon as possible."

It was an odd looking pair that walked down the main street of Cross Roads that afternoon. The county sheriff with his ragged, baggy clothes and the city detective with his slick, well dressed appearance. By contrast each made the other seem more ridiculous.. About half way down the main square the inspector broke the silence.

"That fellow I see staggering across the street, certainly isn't intoxicated?"

"Wall, you folks up at ter city might call it thet,

THE HICK-TOWN COP

but down here we jest say he's plain drunk. Yep, thet's ole 'Revival' Lambertson, the village drunkard. We folks calls him 'Revival' 'cause he ain't missed a revival meetin' in th' last twenty year. An' at every one of 'em he repents his sins an' swears ter God he ain't never gonna touch another drop, but next day you'll find him in the gutter. Sid Judkins sed that one day he saw 'Revival' in the gutter with a pig layin' right beside him. Sid sed ter him, 'Revival,' don't ya know thet a man is known by the company he keeps,' and Sid sez he'll be doggone if thet pig didn't get right up out of the gutter an' leave. Of course, you kain't believe everything Sid tells ya 'cause he's sech a durn cut up."

The city detective was all engrossed in this story. Suddenly, Constable Peterson broke off and exclaimed;

"Well, there she is, Ole Man Henderson's garage, but Ole Man Henderson is dead now, an' his son 'Glue' Henderson takes care of it. We folks always called him 'Glue' 'cause he stuck so close to his ole man. Poor 'Glue' has been a queer feller ever since he was born."

As the two stepped through the door of the old blacksmith shop, which now went under the modern name of garage, Glue Henderson looked at them with that big blank stare which must have been an heirloom in the Henderson family, for it was handed down from one member of the family to the other.

Addressing Glue, the Constable drawled, "Well, Glue, I believe I brought some business fer ya. I wantcha ter meet my friend, Inspector Babitt. He's a big detective jest frum ter city."

"Am very glad to know you," said Mr. Babitt.

Glue only mumbled something a little more unintelligible than usual. The inspector came to the point immediately.

"Now, Mr. Henderson, I'd like to purchase a second-hand car. Have you any on hand just now?"

"We got two. A Ford fer twenty-five, an' a Buick for one hunnert thirty-five."

"Is that the Buick standing over there?"

"Uh-huh."

"I believe I'll take it. One hundred and thirty-five you say?"

"Uh-huh."

"Can you change a thousand dollar bill?" If Glue had a blank look on his face before, it was doubly blank now.

"You mean a th-thousand d-dollars?"

"Certainly, here it is."

Glue took the money in his trembling hands and hurried to the bank.

"Whee!" whistled Constable Peterson. "I reckons thet's more money then enybuddy in this community ever seen at one time. An' hit sure don't take you city folks long ter make up yer minds. Why ya came in here an' bought thet autermobile without hardly lookin' at her. If any of us folks down here thinks of buyin' anything over five dollars, why we have ter sleep on it a couple of nights fust. But you jest ups and buys her right off erbout as fast as you'd buy a plug of tobaccy."

Glue came runnng back to the garage, carrying a large stack of bills. He was all out of breath.

"H-here's yer c-change an' the man sed the m-money wasn't counterfeit."

Mr. Babitt's face suddenly went red with anger.

"What," he bellowed, "you mean to say you doubted if the money was good. Why it's absurd; it's even insulting. I wouldn't take the car now if you gave it to me. Go back to that bank and get me that thousand dollar bill immediately."

Glue got the thousand, and Mr. Babitt walked out of the garage with the haughty air of a man who had been unjustly wronged. As they went out of the door, Glue sank down on the fender of the Ford. The queer looking pair walked back through the town in silence except for an occasional exclamation of indignation from Mr. Babitt. It was only after they had gone back to the store that Constable Peterson took courage to speak. Perhaps it was the sight of the bread box with its familiar surroundings that gave him a little courage.

"Dun't yer think yer been a little too hard with Glue, Inspector?"

"No, a thousand times no. Emphatically no."

"But, Mr. Babitt, you see we folks down here ain't like you folks. We ain't used ter seein' such big money."

"Then, maybe, a few of these lessons will teach you hicks how to act."

"An' besides, Glue Henderson ain't exactly bright. He always has been cracked as a broken dish; least-wise thet's whut Sid Judkins sed."

After some minutes of argument, Mr. Babitt's anger softened. He finally decided to buy the car anyway.

When the two got back to the garage, 'Glue' was still sitting on the Ford fender, staring into space.

"Cheer up, Glue," said the constable, "Mr. Babitt is gonna buy th' car, an' ferget all erbout thet little heppenin' a few minutes ago."

A spark of joy danced in Glue's eyes, but the expression on his face never changed. Again Mr. Babitt produced the thousand. Again Gue took it with trembling hands.

"Let's all walk over ter th' bank," said the constable as he started for the door.

The tobacco chewing bank cashier stared at Mr. Babitt. To think that he was the man who had the thousand dollar bill; and it wasn't counterfeit, for he had held it under the magnifying glass; and it was certainly good. Glue gave the cashier the thousand dollar bill, and he was so afraid of offending Mr. Babitt that he said;

"Ya don't have ter examine hit this time."

Constable Peterson drawled, "I reckons ya better examine hit again jest ter make sure."

"What," roared Mr. Babitt. "Must we go through that again?"

"Wall, I reckons we must," said the constable. "An Mr. Babitt, ya had better keep yer hands up 'cause I got 'Ole Betsy' trained on ya, an' she's loaded plum full an' jest rarin' ter go."

Mr. Babitt looked down and saw the long steel barrel of "Ole Betsy" sticking against his ribs. The cashier was so dumbfounded that he swallowed his chew. He took the magnifying glass and began examining the bill.

"Well, I'll be ——," he exclaimed, "this ain't the same bill. This here one is counterfeit."

"Thet's jest whut I thought," said the constable,

“jest whut I thought. The fust time he gives ya a good bill, an’ the second time he brings ya a counterfeit. Why, man, thet trick is as ole as the hills. I read all erbout it in a detective magazine nigh on fifteen year ago. This feller ain’t no detective; he’s jest a downright crook. He didn’t think ya would examine the second bill, but thet’s jest where ya fooled him. People might laff an’ say I’m jest a hick-town cop. Mebby I am, but I ain’t no ordinary hick-town cop, as everyone of ya sees.

Why This Waiting?

A. Selhorst '33

Why, my friend, are you so gloomy,
Why throw frowns in sad complaining,
Why with dark and dismal features
Must you utter endless wailing?
Will you answer these rude questions,
Or shall I in plain words tell you,
It's the Indiana weather?

The Martyr

U. J. Wurm '33

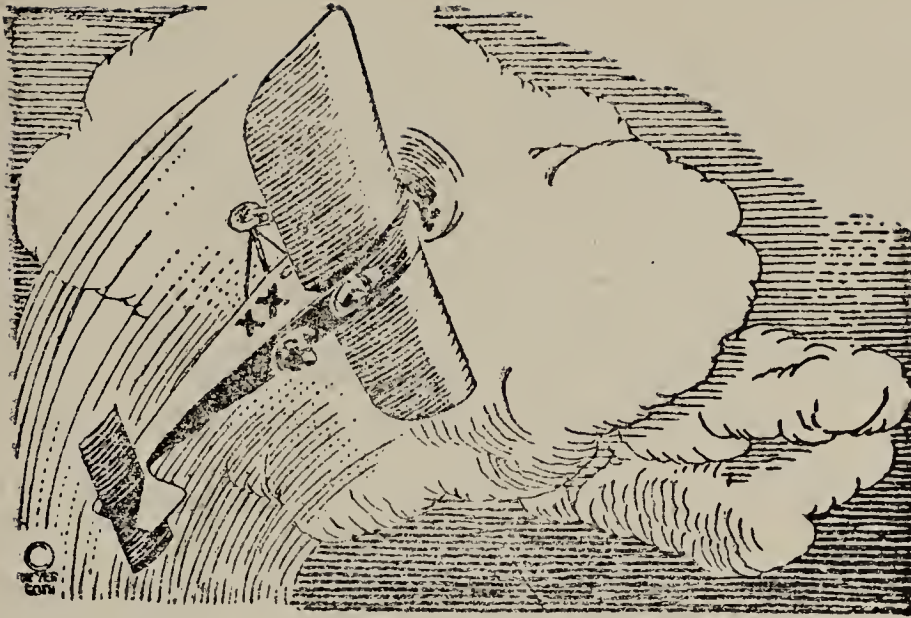
"Will thou not adore the gods?"
Cried out the judge in wild dismay;
"Shall I send thee to the rods,
Shall I take thy life today?"

"Why blaspheme the mighty Jove,
Why seekest thou eternal sleep?
Dos't thou ever wish to rove
Hades' chambers, dark and deep?"

Midst the milling hoots and jeers,
Voices soft were heard to speak,
"Pray, our son, and have no fears
Think of Christ Whom now you seek."

Then a tortured Christian spoke,
"Help me Lord to live this day;
Though I feel the sword's keen stroke
Keep my soul unbent, I pray."

Spoke the judge in pagan rage,
"Strip this wretch and beat him dead;
Blot his name from out life's page,
Let him die as he has said."



Queer Guns

Cari W. Vandagriff '34

RAT-tat-tat-tat! Pat Donovan wrenched the stick of his big Curtiss mail plane to the right, gave her full throttle and streaked downward out of the path of the deadly line of tracer bullets in a knifing sideslip. Above him the black shape of his pursuer came over in a tight loop and suddenly flew alongside the Curtiss as Pat leveled her out. Again the mail pilot heard that ominous rattle, and again he felt the impact of lead on his ship while the cowlings before him leaped and writhed beneath the stream of fiery steel.

"Ye gods!" Pat's jaws dropped an inch from sheer astonishment. The guns on the robber's motor cowlings were pointing straight ahead in the direction of his line of flight, and those whining messengers of death continued to bite into his plane seemingly from nowhere.

Suddenly the roar of his motor ceased; the propeller idled for a moment, there, down, down, down hustled the plane like a wounded bird.

"Conked the motor," Pat gritted as he squinted at the rapidly approaching terrene beneath. "Good thing there's a place to land; I may yet be safe."

The narrow stubble-covered field reached up its greedy hands for him, while Pat hazarded a glance over his shoulder at the cause of all the trouble and saw the black ship following him ever lower and lower.

Bump! Bump! The wheels hit the uneven turf at a dangerous angle, but after rolling a short distance on one wheel the big plane gradually slithered safely to a stop. At the same instant the Robber Hawk made a landing. Just as Pat reached into a sidepocket in the cockpit for the Colt there concealed, the pilot of the Robber Hawk flicked out his own gun, and leaping from his still moving ship, snapped in a deep, cutting monotone:

"Drop that gun, you! Put up your mitts!"

Pat looked into the stony gray eyes determined to live to fight another day and complied promptly with both commands.

"Gimme that sack of registered mail," growled the grim, thin-lipped bandit, "and hurry up about it."

"O. K. brother! You're the man on top," cheerfully countered Pat as he handed over the sack which he knew contained several packages of bonds and currency of high denominations.

Snatching the bag from Pat's hand, the man, still covering his victim with his lowering Bulldog, walked quickly to the Robber Hawk, vaulted into the pit, gassed the idling engine and with a roar was away in the still, late afternoon air.

An hour later, at the telephone of a nearby farmhouse, Pat was saying excitedly over the wire:

"Yeah, Chief! It was that black Boeing again; probably the same one that robbed Spotty. Huh? Sure, he got the drop on me and took it. Say listen, chief, don't call the police. Naw! But hold that bank delivery plane in the morning until I get there. I've got an idea. O. K! S'Long, Chief!"

After a heated argument with the owner of the farm, Pat succeeded in renting a brassbanded Ford at an exorbitant price. Taking possession of the would-be automobile he started out for the Municipal Flying Field as fast as the limping engine would perk.

It was one o'clock the next morning when several pilots who slept at the drome were brutally awakened by the clatter of the Ford ambling about the field. Just in front of the chief's office the engine, with a final asthmatic chug, died, and the sleepers, one by one, turned over with a sigh and resumed their slumber. A light was still burning in the office; Pat hurried in to make his report.

"Hello, Pat! Glad you're here," greeted Sam Foster, the grizzled director-in-chief of the field.

"Hi, Chief! Yeah, I'm glad I'm here too—and lucky," Pat said grimly as he took a chair in front of the boss's desk. "Honest-to-goodness, Chief, how can a man point a machine gun in one direction and spit slugs at you from another is more than I can see," he continued, shaking his head in bewilderment. "Chief, let me fly escort to the mail in the morning and see what happens. I'll fly a thousand feet above the mail, and if the buzzard hops in again, he'll have his claws full."

"Naw, Pat!" interposed the Chief, with a shake

of his gray-thatched head, "he'll sure have sense enough to lay off after his stunt today."

"You don't know that guy, Chief," Pat argued earnestly, "why, from one look in his eyes I know he'd try anything once and a second and a third time if he thought he had any chance at all."

"Aw'right! Aw'right! Try your luck, but it looks like a fool plan to me. What plane will you take?"

"That little Fokker single-seater'll be the stuff, after I get some typewriters hitched onto her," the sturdy aviator answered assuringly.

"Go ahead then. Boob Miller takes out the mail at 6:15. Get some sleep now. G'night or rather g'morning," and the Chief arose, stretched his big frame and stalked into his bed-room. Pat yawned, and leaving the office tramped over to his own bunk-house.

At the hour appointed in the morning, the big Curtiss, sister ship of Pat's ill-fated plane, lifted into the air from the hard-packed runway. Pat watched Boob take off with the mail, then he clambered into his own neat little ship and gave her the gun. Leaning over the side of his cockpit Pat glanced down at the roaring Curtiss thundering along far below him.

"An hour out and nothin' doin' " he mused, "just about this time yesterday that robber devil hopped on me."

Several miles ahead a huge cloud bank pushed darkly into the sky. Pat saw that Boob would pass below the bank if he were to continue in his chosen course. He himself decided to go through the lower

part of the cloud so as to keep his charge in sight while remaining hidden personally. Quickly the dark mass of vapor enveloped the little convoying plane. Suddenly, through a rift in the cloud, Pat saw a dark shadow shoot past his nose and swoop down out of the wet mass fully upon the back of the unsuspecting Boob in the Curtiss. Jamming the stick forward, Pat opened the throttle wide and streaked down upon both ships. Boob was frantically trying to maneuver the big ship out of the reach of the enemy, but the latter was slowly drawing upon him. With a rapid burst of full speed the Robber Hawk pulled alongside the Curtiss, almost touching wing-tips, when at the same moment Pat reached the end of his dive.

Momentarily the black outline of the Robber Hawk was etched in Pat's ringsight; immediately his fingers brushed the triggers. A fiery line stitched into the tail of the black bus. Zip! Up turned the Hawk and over in a tight loop, but Pat wheeled out of the way of the smoke and lightning pouring from between the blades of his enemy's propeller.

"There's surely enough bullets coming out of those guns," rapidly flashed through Pat's mind, "but how does he shoot sideways?"

For a moment Pat was puzzled, but the dark shadow was coming back, and the time for thought was over. With guns stuttering, the Robber Hawk suddenly gained a position towards Pat's tail. Pat jerked his stick back and to the right; up, up and then over in an Immelman, and he was right side up going in the opposite direction. Instantly he half rolled and roared down out of his half loop squarely across the Robber Hawk's tail. The plucky Irishman watched his tracers creep up to the fusel-

age, bite into the headrest and then connect with a fiery rope to the body of his enemy. Throwing up his hands, the pilot of the Robber Hawk half rose, then slumped in his seat. Gyrating wildly the stricken bird screamed earthward.

But no, the man had not been killed instantly. With what must have been his last breath, Pat saw the pilot switch off his wailing motor and pull back on the stick. Down came the Robber Hawk at a terrific speed, hit level, but one wing touched the ground and in a cloud of dust the daring bird turned over on its back. Pat waved jubilantly to Boob, who waved back and then banked around and headed for his destination. The mail had to go on.

Cutting his motor, Pat circled down over the field and landed. Leaping out of his ship he raced over to the wrecked Robber Hawk. One glance at its occupant hanging head down, restrained from falling out by his webbed safety belt, told him that the devil pilot had gone on his last long flight. In respect for the dead, the victorious aviator removed his own helmet.

"He was a darned nervy fighter," murmured Pat to himself. Releasing the body, he laid it on the ground and covered the set face with a flying jacket.

"Now to find out what made those guns shoot sideways," he exclaimed excitedly. Walking around to the back of the wreck he carefully examined the twin guns mounted there.

"Nothin' wrong here," he mumbled while his brows contracted in a puzzled frown. Suddenly his eye caught sight of a familiar looking ring with two

QUEER GUNS

thin wires crossing at the center. The thing was fastened to the left side of the cockpit.

"Looks like a ring-sight," he cried.

Dropping on his hands and knees he glanced into the pilot's compartment. Just in front of this ring was the upper end of a cylindrical tube reaching downward to the floor where it protruded through the side of the fuselage to present a glass lens peering out at right angles to the plane.

"A periscope, by gosh!" he cried.

Looking into the sight Pat was surprised to see his own plane which he knew to be standing directly to the left of the wreck. Like a flash it all came to him. Scrambling from beneath the cockpit he climbed upon the upturned fuselage. Ripping away the "doped" canvas at a spot directly beneath the pit, he saw a neat little pair of Thompson machine guns pointing at right angles to any line of flight which the Robber Hawk might choose.

A sigh of relief, caused by sheer astonishment, was his only comment.

The St. Joseph's Collegian

January 17, 1933



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Editorials

A BALANCE

Men who exert themselves in some specific pursuit must have a balance for their nerves. Kreisler, the master violinist, has a hobby for poring over old manuscripts. Charles Dawes, our former vice-president, when not smoking his pipe, is seen bowing a violin with virtuoso dexterity. Frequently, he composes melodious compositions, one of which has found its way into the repertoire of Fritz Kreisler. An ardent enthusiast for collecting old coins and lace was none other than the golden-voiced tenor, Enrico Caruso. A truth, stranger than fiction, is that Marie Dressler can not only act but also can play the piano with no mean ability.

These characters have discovered that a mind is in need of a balance which rests it, and permits it to return refreshed to its tasks. This can be accomplished only by having a hobby. A good hobby not only provides relaxation to an oppressed mind, but likewise, is a means for filling up idle moments.

The thought of developing a balance during one's college career may, perhaps, appear to be a difficult matter. Consider all the possibilities that can be unearthed. In the field of music the selection is wide and varied. There are reed, string and wind instruments. Glance over the realm of literature. A keen desire to read good books and to develop a knowledge of the masterpieces of general literature

will produce invaluable results not only now but also in later life. A member of the smoking club can find great pleasure in playing cards and studying the science of a game. There are others who have a desire to participate actively in drama, or better still, to be interested in that art from the critical point of view, selecting the good instead of the poor productions.

In college a vast panorama of invaluable hobbies is open to the scholar to serve as a balance to his classroom exertions. Yet, in choosing one, select a hobby which does not deteriorate but does increase in vital importance as the years go by.

M. J. V.

THE NEW YEAR

Some years ago a few men took a step in the right direction when they inaugurated a "Thrift Week" to fall sometime in January. The selection of this month was influenced by the fact that Benjamin Franklin's birthday occurs on January 17th. The mere mention of this man is enough to bring to one's mind such maxims as: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise; A penny saved is a penny earned; A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Thrift furnished the inspiration for these and many other pithy adages, which, from constant usage, have taken on the semblance of proverbs.

Today the world is suffering from a lack of thrift—thrift not so much of money as of time. Even with all our labor and time-saving devices the laboring classes still are not any better in-

structed in the higher things of life than they were twenty years ago. A mere knowledge of thrift is not sufficient, for without actual application of thrift toward some useful end, it will defeat its own purpose.

Even though harbored away from the world, students should make up their minds to practice thrift of time during the coming year. Especially should thrift of time be practiced by diligent application to studies. Parents are making sacrifices for their sons in order that they may attend school and receive an education that will enable them to have a successful career in life. Sons should have enough self-respect to show appreciation by applying themselves well, not to one or two favorite branches in their course, but to every subject no matter how difficult or disagreeable. In this manner will true success be achieved. Make thrift the watchword for bigger and better things in 1933!

H. P. K.





Individuality is probably the one quality that is generally lacking in scholastic publications. It is just this quality, however, that makes the reading of different magazines a genuine pleasure. Why should school publications prove disappointing in this respect?

With this quality of individuality in view, it is certainly a pleasure to survey a magazine such as THE AMBROSIAN. Even its cover is suggestive of a high-class magazine. Placing titles of the outstanding articles on the outside of the cover is evidently a real up-to-date characteristic. Though the articles carried by THE AMBROSIAN are generally quite even in merit, yet we feel inclined to single out the story, "Ethics," written by Paul V. Murray, as a contribution deserving special attention. Story element is present in plenty with a consequent interest that makes the reader feel that if the story were twice its length, it would not suffer in the least.

THE CHRONICLE from S. B. Wright High School, New Orleans, La., is light in tone, but appealing throughout. There is present in this journal a striking neatness that reflects painstaking work. The prize story by Gertrude Reynaud has a seasoned flavor about it that may well call forth the ap-

proval of the most critical reader. Of course it is hard to keep humor afloat, particularly the school variety, yet the department entitled "Lemonaid" contains some rare spurts that at least will make one smile if not outrightly laugh.

In attractive guise, THE CHIMES comes along with a good dose of somewhat heavy and above-our-heads contents. We should say, "Don't make us think so hard." Incidentally, can't you smile? We like your literary material, but we could chew it with more delight if you were to season it a trifle with a little pleasantry now and then. The editorial, "Why Not a Few Permanent Standards?" contains a thought that deserves earnest contemplation.





THE OUTLINE OF SANITY

By G. K. Chesterton

If anyone wishes to enjoy what I consider a unique experience, I would recommend that he sometime read one of Chesterton's books with the intention of reviewing it. As it has always appealed to me, the correct attitude for the reviewer is a coldly intellectual, detached one, in which he endeavors to make a critical survey of the work in question, analyzing and dissecting at will. To reach this state of mind in the case of many a book is not an extremely difficult feat. But when the work is something of the versatile Mr. Chesterton, the poor student-reviewer suddenly becomes painfully aware that he has been gaping open-mouthed and wide-eyed at the brilliant procession of wit, shrewdness, and paradoxes that have been paraded before him.

At that, "The Outline of Sanity" is just about what any regular Chesterton reader would expect, with the difference, perhaps, that the author has been more persistent than usual in driving his opinions and observations to definite logical conclusions. At the same time the book remains essentially Ches-

tertonian with all that it implies. As the title suggests, the author has concentrated all his tremendous powers of observation, deduction, and expression on the task of showing how life might be made more real and especially more sane. Chesterton remains true to his love of generalities, but still enters upon a detailed discussion "of our present-day deplorable tendency towards standardization and uniformity in living." His cry throughout is for individuality in the private citizen who is daily becoming more tightly squeezed in the rigid mold of modern industry.

If there is such a thing as one of Chesterton's works being more enjoyable than another, I believe I really enjoyed "The Outline of Sanity" more than anything since "Generally Speaking." At the same time, however, in this case the interest and enjoyment are secondary to the power of its brilliance and intrinsic truth to provoke the reader to serious thought.

A. F. H.

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON

By Joseph Gurn

The year 1932 has been quite important historically, in that it commemorated the bicentennial of the birth of Washington and the centennial of the death of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. For this reason the Catholic Book Club's November choice of Gurn's life of Carroll was quite opportune.

Charles Carroll, as we all know, was one of the greatest Catholics who has attained prominence in America. Although ours is the land of freedom, yet it would seem that in the hearts of many Ameri-

cans there is an innate hatred against their Catholic fellowmen. But here is one, at least, of our members who is revered by every American. Charles Carroll, the Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence, was always a man held in esteem. The greatest of his contemporaries and even the presidents of the United States were glad to accept his prudent counsel. He even emulated George Washington in popularity. Towards the last five years of his life he was venerated as "Pater Patriae," a title which no other held except Washington. To the day of his death Carroll was always cool, capable, powerful, and yet ever the genial gentleman. Exemplary in the practice of his Catholic duties, he had much to do with the firm establishment of the Faith and the stopping of persecution against its members.

Joseph Gurn seems to be a follower of the early school of biographers. He presents the cold facts and does not strive to write a romantic or novel-like biography. The book abounds in many quotations from original sources. For this reason it reminds me of Mr. Baring's "In My End Is My Beginning". The tendency today is to write biographies romantic and with a subjective twist so that the reader's interest will be held throughout. Perhaps, it is because of this that I prefer the works of the latter school and that I found "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" somewhat less interesting. Nevertheless, it is an important work because it deals with facts which have not before been adequately treated. The volume is presented to the public because of its significance in the Catholic historical movement, which has lately arisen in our country.

J. L. A.



Information has just arrived concerning Joseph Gibson of the class of '31. The message states that Joe is playing on the Knights of Columbus basketball team at Kokomo again this year. If Joe is as big a drawing card for the K. of C. as he was for his class, the games will have a large attendance.

Another Joe has been spotted. Joseph Kemp, formerly of the class of '33, who is majoring in chemistry this year at the University of Dayton, appears to be setting a pace for the collegiates there.

Regretfully the word has been received that Steve Toth '33, of Toledo, Ohio, suffered a broken leg in one of Central Catholic High School's late season games. During this season he has done splendid work on the gridiron. His ability has gained for him the name, "C. C.'s touchdown man". The staff wishes him a speedy recovery and hopes that he will soon "be on his feet".

Francis "Pank" Elder '34, who is attending St. Mary's Seminary, St. Mary's, Kentucky, is reported to be deeply engaged in his studies. "Pank's" ability for making friends, however, has not been hindered by studies, for he has formed many new friendships at St. Mary's. His old friends at St. Joseph's are hoping that he will not forget to write to them occasionally.

Dramatic ability acquired at St. Joseph's was recently displayed by James "Red" Schaleman, formerly of '33. In a theatrical performance given at East Chicago, Indiana, James portrayed his role of a college dean like a veteran performer. More power to you, "Red," in your succeeding dramatic attempts.

Congratulations are extended to Joseph Reitz, C. PP. S., of the class of '28. It has been recently learned that he was elected President of the Gaspar Mission Society at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthage, Ohio. THE COLLEGIAN wishes him and the Gaspar Mission Society success during the ensuing year.

The staff is grateful to James Dwyer and Joseph Zeigler, both of '33, for their kind criticism of THE COLLEGIAN and helpful suggestions. The information which these two old classmates gave about themselves was a source of interest to their many friends at St. Joseph's.

Recently "Benny" Bubala '33 paid his Alma Mater a visit, but it was a sport engagement rather than a social call. "Benny" played guard with St. John's, Whiting, against the Cardinals in a scheduled basketball game. The seniors are eagerly awaiting another of your visits, which are always filled with good cheer and merriment.

THE COLLEGIAN wishes the Alumni a Happy New Year and expresses the hope that they will make a resolution to write their Alma Mater at least once during the coming year.



LOCALS

SPIRITUAL RETREAT

From November 29 to December 3, the students of St. Joseph's were given the opportunity to make a Spiritual Retreat. The master of this retreat was Rev. Joseph Hughes, O. P. Many interesting and very instructive meditations and addresses were given by Father Hughes. In all of these the central idea was that Christianity is the religion of love rather than of fear. It was this idea, often brought out before; but, perhaps, not set forth with so much emphasis, which made the local students appreciate the instructions given in the course of the retreat very thoroughly. They left the retreat, knowing more about the love of God than about the fear of Him, but had also learned the lesson that this love must be returned.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

The following students made their profession of loyalty to the Society of the Precious Blood on December 8: Henry Hess, Joseph Zimerle, Richard Dirksen, Gomar DeCocker, Michael Storm, Rudolph Kuhn, John Sheehan, Herbert Eilerman, Edmund Van Oss, Herman Hoying, Arnold Meiering, Anthony Migoni, Valerian Volin, Clarence Rastetter, Michael Stohr, Vincent Kreinbrink, Norbert Sulkowski, Robert Wuest, and John Hamme.

The Very Rev. O. Knapke, C. PP. S., Rector of St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio, was com-

missioned by the Very Rev. Provincial, C. PP. S. to carry out the ceremony of receiving these young men into the Society. In his brief address, Father Knapke spoke of the spiritual joy and inspiration that always accompany the event on which young men are seen to dedicate their lives to the service of the Great Master.

On the same day, fifteen other students were invested with the cassock. They are: Frederick Koch, Richard Baird, Bernard Schmitt, Anthony Traser, Olin Brown, Alvin Burns, Gerard Krapf, Norbert Loshe, Henry Martin, Paul Masanz, John Samis, Sylvester Dean, Anthony Gamble, Harvey Newell, and Charles Vichuras.

THE COLLEGIAN extends hearty congratulations to all these students in the hope that God may give them the grace to be always happy and contented in the mode of life they have so nobly chosen.

LOCAL EPIDEMIC

It happens often, quite often, that Flu puts in its appearance at St. Joseph's after the Christmas vacation. But why should this ailment, together with its kindred trouble-makers, wait until after the vacation days? Many answers have been received to meet this question, but none of them is satisfactory, as all theories about the matter have been shattered this season. The Flu took a notion to change its course of action, and came with all the force it could muster before the Christmas holidays. About thirty-five of the local jolly lads fell before its sweep, but they did not fall further than the infirmary. At that place they were handled so successfully that not one of them missed his vacation. Who

will dare say that the infirmary fails in its due share of good work?

SHORTLY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

On December 22, most of the students hit the trail for homeland. Those who remained at the college very quickly got busy to make preparation for a real happy time among themselves. Christmas decorations very soon were in evidence all over the place. Liberal privileges were granted for games and amusements of every sort in order to work up a true Christmas spirit. Everybody was intent on having things ready for the Great Day, and that Day came with a bang.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Church services began at five o'clock in the morning and closed with a Solemn High Mass at which the Very Rev. Rector was celebrant. An inviting breakfast awaited everybody in the dining hall. As a finishing touch to this breakfast, candy and other sweetmeats were distributed in great quantity. Games were resumed and came to an end in a basketball tussle between the high-school juniors and seniors. A tied score, 21 all, resulted in keeping everybody peaceful and happy. The day closed with a meeting and program in the Raleigh-Club room. At this meeting and later in connection with the program, Father C. Lutkemeier and Father F. Fehrenbacher by music and song respectively did a great deal to bring matters to a successful issue. Of course, there was the R. S. C. orchestra with what may be characterized as a gorgeous performance. When late in the evening the bell gave the signal to go to roost, everybody felt that a really grand day had passed along only too swiftly.



THE RALEIGH CLUB

The Raleigh Club, long noted for its spirit of congeniality and good fellowship, furthered its main objective by a delightful "get-together" Sunday evening, December 18. The orchestra with a new variety of popular melodies, featuring Charles Scheidler as the soloist, captivated the assembly with such songs as: "All American Girl" and "Little Street Where Old Friends Meet". Robert Brown, with a soprano saxophone, was the high light of the program almost rivaling Dan Russo at his best.

The College humorist, Ed Fischer, presented a delightful comedy of three-acts-in-one, characterizing a scene at any up-to-date carnival by pulling the old gag with three nutshells in a novel arrangement. The naive plot and the interpretation of the three characters furnished an enjoyable treat for the members.

The climax of the program was reached when the "card sharks" were presented with loving cups. To add solemnity to the occasion Fr. Fehrenbacher awarded the trophies to the respective winners. In the bridge tournament "Dubb" Welch copped first honors with Fred Koch placing second. The pinochle cups went to August Wolf and to Neif Buttress. The final and perhaps the most keenly contested

event was the five hundred tournament which was won by Leonard Sudhoff; next in merit was none other than Neif Buttress again.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The Dwenger Mission unit held its final meeting of the year 1932 on Saturday, December 17, in the college auditorium. The meeting was fired with that Christmas spirit which has pervaded the world since the coming of the Christ Child 2000 years ago. It was a meeting devoted to "giving for the love of giving," to make some poor missionary in our own country or in some foreign land happy. In spite of the dispirited mood that prevailed in the somewhat depleted assembly, there was an unprecedented air of generosity toward all benefactors including the Rev. Moderator, whose sincere work is mainly responsible for the success of the unit.

A distinguished but humble mission enthusiast tried to enter the hall unobserved, but an alert senior immediately informed the president of the presence of Rev. Gilbert Esser, C. PP. S. Due to his mission zeal and his whole-hearted interest in the society, he was immediately called upon for a short address. His address was thoroughly interesting.

The subject introduced by the Catholic Action leader, Stanislaus Manoski, dealt with the Catholic lay organizations of our country. In three interesting and well-delivered speeches, Charles Scheidler, Alfred Horrigan, and Dominic Pallone gave a brief resume of the achievement and the purpose of the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Truth Guild, and the Catholic Youth Organizations, respectively, in

order to inculcate a desire to join and aid in the work of these noble societies.

THE NEWMAN CLUB

Art is beautiful, elevating and inspiring. The truer the art, the more it inspires; the nearer it approaches to absolute beauty. Since it is, however, only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, oftentimes what was intended to be artistic becomes commonplace.

"The Hut", a production of Mr. Linsky, was presented by the Newman Club on December 8. The play is vague throughout, lacks precision and movement, and is destitute of a clear cut plot.

The outstanding character of the drama, MacGregor Spillane, having been disappointed in love, has fled to the wilderness. There as the proprietor of "The Hut," he welcomes tired business men to spend their vacations with him. John Rand, an annual visitor, in compliance with the wishes of his dying fiancée, searches for some unknown object that is supposed to be hidden in a large tree in that locality. Lawrence Orme has also come to "The Hut" to brood over his son, Dicky, whom he has driven from his house as a thief. The climax comes when the jewelry, a diamond and a necklace, which Dicky is accused of lifting, is recovered. The former was in the possession of one of the visitors, Simon Semple, who by mistake has brought along his niece's valise; and the latter is safely in possession of Dicky's father, a detective. John Rand, likewise, finds the object of his search, a locket which was left to him by his fiancée.

The portrayal of the various roles was very commendable, and exceptionally good for the Newmans. Without a doubt future presentations will adequately reveal more clearly their dramatic ability.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

"Laff That Off", a comedy in three acts by Don Mullally as enacted by the C. L. S. on December 22, was a pleasure indeed. The manner in which the author so skillfully mingles the comic, romantic, and pathetic kept the audience in a constant state of expectancy; first joyfully awaiting the next step, and again sincerely regretting what had just happened.

A living room in an apartment house occupied by three young men is the opening scene. Leo Mitchell, one of the inmates, during the absence of his two sworn friends, Arthur Lindau and Robert Morse, brings a destitute young lady, Peggy Bryant, by name, into the apartment. She remains there for three years and proves to be a very respectable and cultured young lady. All three of the young men fall in love with her. At the outbreak of the war, Arthur and Robert, on being summoned, propose to Peggy on the same day, but are frankly rejected. After fruitlessly hinting to Leo that he is the right man, Peggy leaves the house taking with her the six hundred dollars that the young men had accumulated.

Two years later Peggy returns, while the three happy friends are celebrating Christmas together. She refunds their money and asks to be their friend once more. The climax is at last reached when Leo understands that he is the man whom she has chosen.

The members of the cast are to be congratulated for the excellent manner in which they portrayed their roles. In this play the audience witnessed such acting as was exhibited in, "The Pair of Sixes", "The Seven Keys to Baldpate", and "The Three Wise Fools", and responded with similar enthusiasm. In other words it was literally swept off its feet.

MUSIC

That a program of miniature size can rival one of symphonic proportions was clearly demonstrated by the college orchestra on the night of December 8. "If I Were King," by A. Adams, was well received. Vieuxtemps' "Lombardi Fantasia", a violin solo by William McKune, was rendered with charm and a display of virtuoso dexterity. The gay spirited music of Borel's "La Sorella", captivated the listeners.

Undoubtedly, the musical organization which at present is drawing the most attention, and does the most work, is the band. In connection with the play, "Laff That Off", a modern comedy in a light vein portraying the holiday spirit, the band offered three selections. These were presented with unusual precision and vim, characteristic of a delightful program. The repertoire for the concert consisted in: "Light Cavalry Overture", by von Suppe; "Polonnoise Militaire", by F. Chopin; and "Silent Night", arranged as a novelty by Professor Tonner for a brass solo, quartette and xylophone duet.

For the past few weeks the choir under the direct supervision of Professor Tonner, who for the present is taking the place of Father Lucks, is achieving marvelous results.

Basketball

A stylized illustration of a basketball player in mid-air, jumping to shoot a basketball. The player is depicted in a simple, cartoonish style with a single line for the body and a small head. The basketball is shown with its characteristic lines and is positioned above the player's hands. The entire illustration is enclosed within a rectangular border.

THE FIRST VICTORY

Led by the capable basket shooting of "Rusty" Scheidler, Tom Danehy, and the stellar defense of Eddie Siefer, the St. Joe Cardinals resumed interscholastic sports in a victory over the Foresters of Huntington College by a score of 32-29.

Coach DeCook's squad got off to a "hot" start with a six point lead before the Foresters hit the hoop. Scheidler, Danehy, and Fontana seemed to score almost at will, and the half ended with the Cardinals out in front, 21-9.

At the beginning of the second half, Coach DeCook sent some of his second stringers into the fray, and Huntington began to display a volley of brilliant one-hand shots. Ware, Huntington forward, was exceptionally accurate at this art, coming through for six field goals. The guarding of Captain Coble of the Huntington team was outstanding both for effectiveness and agility. The free throw average of both teams was very low, the Cardinals garnering four out of eleven, while the Foresters came through with seven out of seventeen from the charity stripe.

Lineup and summary:

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Cardinals (32) B. F. P.			Foresters (29) B. F. P.		
Danehy, f	-----5	1 11	Ware, f	-----6	0 12
McKune, f	-----1	0 2	Goslee, f	-----0	3 3
Hession, f	-----2	0 4	Kelsey, c	-----0	1 1
Downey, f	-----0	0 0	Ulrich, g	-----0	0 0
Welch, f	-----0	0 0	Coble, g	-----0	5 5
Fontana, c	-----1	1 3	Davis, g	-----4	0 8
Traser, c	-----0	0 0	Carrick, g	-----0	0 0
Siefer, g	-----0	0 0			
Scheidler, g	-----5	2 12			
Horrigan, g	-----0	0 0			
<hr/>			<hr/>		
Totals	-----14	4 32	Totals	-----10	9 29
Official, J. Strole, Rensselaer.					

ST. JOE DROPS SECOND TILT

Yes, it happens to all ball clubs. Once in a while they have to take the rap, and in order to be in line, the St. Joe Cardinals invaded the lair of the Remington High School quintet and fell before its onslaught by a score of 20-15.

The first quarter also seemed to prophesy a certain victory for the Cardinals; but no, fortune had her way and the "too good to be true" gave way to "if they would only hit". The quarter ended with the Cardinals leading 10-2, and at the half they were four points behind, 14-10.

With determined effort and willing heart, the Cardinals went back into the fray, ready to give all they had to change the score in their favor. The battle waged back and forth, but at the end of the third quarter there was no change in the difference, the score being 16-12. The last period was dotted

SPORTS

here and there with brilliant defensive work on both sides, but when the final whistle sounded, the Cardinals were still holding the short end, 20-15.

Lineup and summary:

Cardinals (15)			B. F. P.	Rem'ton (20)			B. F. P.
Danehy, f	-----	3	1 7	Bowman, f	----	1 2 4	
Traser, f	-----	0 0 0		Nussbaum, f	----	2 1 5	
McKune, f	-----	0 0 0		Rowland, c	----	1 0 2	
Fontana, c	-----	2 2 6		Barker, g	-----	0 1 1	
Scheidler, g	-----	0 1 1		Knockel, g	-----	2 0 4	
Siefer, g	-----	0 1 1		Merrit, g	-----	2 0 4	
			— — —				— — —
Totals	-----	5 5 15		Totals	-----	8 4 20	
Officials: A. Etter, R. Etter, (Oxford).							

CARDINALS DOWN WHITING

Following the stunning defeat at the hands of a flashy Remington High School five, the St. Joe Cardinals marched to a victory over the highly touted St. John team of Whiting. Although outclassed and outplayed by the visiting players in the first half the Cardinals came back in the last period to win, 37-22.

In the first half the St. Joe squad appeared to be awed by the brilliancy of their more experienced opponents. Not once during the first half did the Cardinals get a commanding lead, being ahead only during the first minute of play. The half ended with the Whiting team out in front, 13-10.

With a brilliant display of offensive and defensive skill in the second half, Danehy, Downey, Petit and Scheidler, outclassed and outpointed the Whiting boys to a marked degree. Danehy dribbled through the opposition for two clean baskets while Petit's

off-balance shots from the side were real thrillers. In a determined effort to regain the lead, Ryan and Dancisak of the St. John quintet performed well for their team, both hitting the drapes for frequent two-pointers. After twenty minutes of such dazzling performance, the Cardinals emerged victorious, 37-22.

Lineup and summary:

Cardinals (37) B. F. P.				Whiting (22) B. F. P.			
Danehy, f	-----3	1	7	Ryan, f	-----4	5	13
Hession, f	-----0	1	1	Hollic, f	-----0	1	1
Fontana, c	-----0	2	2	Sandrich, c	-----0	0	0
Scheidler, g	----2	4	8	Dancisak, g	-----3	0	6
Siefer, g	-----0	0	0	Bubala, g	-----0	2	2
Karcher, g	-----1	0	2	Swickle, g	-----0	0	0
Downey, g	-----3	1	7	Dubich, g	-----0	0	0
Horrigan, g	----1	0	2				
Petit, c	-----4	0	8				
<hr/>				<hr/>			
Totals	-----14	9	37	Totals	-----7	8	22
Official, J. Strole, Rensselaer.							

VICTORY HOPES

The Rensselaer Indians and the St. Joe Cardinals had a friendly meeting recently, and the direct result was a defeat for the Red Birds by a 22-15 score. The first four minutes of play were scoreless, both teams playing the ball cautiously for that period of time. After the ice was finally broken both teams battled for possession of the ball, and the scoring was rather limited during the first half, the second quarter ending 9-7 with the high-school team in the lead.

At the beginning of the third quarter, Fontana

SPORTS

gave the fans a thrill by sinking one from center to bring the score up to 9-9, but after this bit of sensational work, the Indians forged to the front and were never headed off. Time and again the Red Birds tried in vain to put the ball through the drapes, but to no avail, and after the dust had cleared away the Indians were victorious 22-15.

Lineup and summary:

Cardinals (15) B. F. P.				Indians (22) B. F. P.			
Danehy, f	-----1	1	3	Kresler, f	-----0	3	3
Horrigan, f	-----0	0	0	Yeoman, f	-----3	1	7
Downey, f	-----0	0	0	Day, c	-----2	1	5
Manoski, f	-----1	0	2	Brandenburg, g	--2	1	5
Fontana, c	-----1	0	2	Blankenship, g	--1	0	2
Petit, c	-----0	0	0				
Scheidler, g	----3	0	6				
Siefer, g	-----1	0	2				
Karcher, g	-----0	0	0				
-----				-----			
Totals	-----7	1	15	Totals	-----8	6	22
Official, Prevo, Monticello.							





Captain Lenk: "Private Klinker, stand at attention."

Private Klinker: "I am sir, it's the uniform that is at ease."

Spraley: "Girls don't interest me. I prefer the company of fellows."

Bean: "I'm broke too."

Welch: They laughed when I sat down at the piano—I had forgotten to bring the stool.

What-a-man Penny: "I miss that 'gaboone' a lot since you took it away."

Marshall Balster: "You missed it a lot before; that's why I took it away."

'Paris' Heilman entered the music store in the neighboring town to buy a mouth organ. To every one that was shown him he said, "Too small!"

At last the proprietor lost his patience. "Look here 'Paris'" he said, "try your mouth along this grand piano, and if you don't swallow it you can have it for nothing."

Baird: "How would you ask for water in Paris?"

Conces: "Who would want water there?"

HUMOR

Einstein believes in unlimited extension of space. He should try to find a place in the line which forms every day in front of the prefect's office at 12:30 p.m.



Judge: "What's the charge?"

Policeman: "Intoxicated, your lordship."

Judge: (to prisoner) "What's your name?"

Defendant: "John Gunn."

Judge: "Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time, but you mustn't get loaded again."

The "Star Spangled Banner" is still the national anthem. The Volstead Act, however, is the national refrain.

Bucher: "Well, I knocked them cold in math this morning."

Widmer: "What did you get?"

Bucher: "Zero."

Dober: "Let's skip this English class this morning, and have a hale."

Weitzel: "Can't do it, old man; I need the sleep."

The basketball men enjoy one thing lawyers do not—no practice.



It has always been a puzzle to me how a person with a forty-two waist can wear a thirty-four swimming suit. No offense meant, "Buck."

Little marks in English,
Little marks in French
Make a basketball player
Sit upon the bench.

U. J. W.

English Prof: "Has anyone in here had any chemistry?"

Lauber: "I am studying it now."

Prof: "What's a metal?"

Lauber: "I don't know."

Prof: "What's an acid?"

Lauber: "I don't know."

Prof: "Is anyone else in here studying chemistry?"

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Jan. 18-19-20

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Jan. 22-23-24

Dick Barthlemess, Dorothy Jordan in
"CABIN IN THE COTTON"

Jan. 25-26-27

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard in
"NO MAN OF HER OWN"

Jan. 29-30-31

Ed. G. Robinson, Zita Johnson in
"TIGER SHARK"

Feb. 1-2-3

George Arliss and Mary Astor in
"A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY"

